

THE CRAYON SKETCH

An Investigation by Detective Cronkite, Beginning in a Typewritten Sheet of Paper.

The news gradually sifted through the local building, despite the guarded attitude of the employees. Before the first morning rush of lads and young women was over it was known that the body of Thomas Knott, a tenant on the fifteenth floor, had been found at the bottom of the elevator shaft. The car of that shaft had very little to do for the rest of the day.

The dead man had not employed a clerk and it was difficult to place him. Detective Cronkite, however, combined to give him form and substance.

"Nice looking little chap with blue eyes and yellow mustache; and such red, cheeks! Stylish, too, though down on his luck. He didn't have an overcoat last winter."

"I used to hear him thumping away on his machine in that dark little room opening out of the first thing in the morning and last thing at night. He picked up a book for me once that I dropped, and took off his hat like a gent. Must have scoffed himself all right, all right."

So the rank and file compared notes and then hurried to work, important and gratified through an odd sense of kinship with the dead man.

When Judge Josiah Marcellus leisurely brought up the car of the dignified and elegant on the ground floor changed his tactics. He drew the eminent jurist aside and imparted the fullest particulars.

"He must have been crazy over that by his loneliness, Judge," he said. "Why, it would take the strength of a giant to wrench open the door into the shaft."

"Couldn't stand the racket, is my verdict. Nothin' comin' in but trouble, and that comin' fast."

"He slept up there in that seven by sixteen closet, Judge; it used to give me a nervous chill to collect the rent for it. I wear it did; sleep on a broken down lounge that would make a packing box seem luxurious. He et there, too, many's the time I've seen him chasin' up a mug of milk blue'n he was."

"He got' his luck a good gift; but last night it downed him. The coroner pronounced it suicide at first glance. The remains a proper word for them, sir—on the way to the Morgue. The office is for rent agin'; takes nerve, don't it, to own real estate?"

"Dear, dear," remarked the Judge with a sort of absent sympathy, "here to-day and gone to-morrow. What did you say he did for a living, or for lack of one?"

"Some kind of law work, sir, I believe. Briefin'. I think he called it. He's been out in the library all day, and then at his typewriter at night—his, when he wasn't walkin' the floor till the order came in."

A look of consternation clouded the Judge's face. "His name?" he demanded.

"You haven't told me yet—"

"Thomas Knott, sir; at least that's—"

The starter stopped short in his qualification with a gasp of astonishment, for the Judge with almost unseemly haste made for the nearest elevator car.

"Cronkite," he panted as he hurried into his private office, "have you done anything as yet with that letter from Helpham & Hill I laid on your desk?"

"Only this moment came across it, sir."

"Well, be so good as to read it aloud. I want to refresh my memory."

And Cronkite read as follows:

DEAR JUDGE MARCELLUS: Recalling the clever work of that confidential man of yours in the elucidation of mystery under your wise direction, we wished to place the following matter in your hands.

An esteemed client of ours, a lady, while in consultation at the office a few days ago happened to glance at a pile of typewritten manuscript. It was an exceedingly laborious and tedious digest of all obscure phases of the English ecclesiastical law, naturally enough ignored by current works, which we had obtained a year or so ago through a law briefing company. We enclose a copy of the manuscript.

Our client at once cried out that the typewriting of this digest had been done by a person in whom she takes a deep interest, and whose disappearance has been a profound sorrow to her. We argued against such a conclusion, but she was so insistent that we promised to find the writer for her.

The investigation thus far has proved futile. The briefing company, located in your city, has gone out of existence; its manager, driven by debt, has gone to parts unknown.

Possibly the title and address of the defunct concern are in the manuscript, which will help you in coming into touch with some one of the former employees. The initials, too, in the upper right corner may serve for identification. This is all the light we can wish to acknowledge with regret that it is so weak and scant.

"Fartched and fanciful," weak and faint—I should say so," mused the Judge. "Were it not for the initials, I would fire it back to them."

"The initials," repeated Cronkite. "T. K. H. or, I see, Thomas Knott?"

"It might be so," agreed the Judge grudgingly. "There is nothing else."

"I don't know about that, sir. Habits formed in typewriting are sometimes revealing. For instance, the writer, you see, invariably spaces five times before beginning a paragraph and three times between sentences."

"He uses a semicolon frequently and understandingly, where a mere copyist would use a comma. Such a use, sir, shows technical intelligence; the writer was capable of making a brief, and presumably made this laborious and tedious digest to you the inference as to his education and misfortune. But what is more important, sir, these isolated habits is the general style that each typewriter insensibly and inevitably acquires."

"Look crosswise over that sheet and see if you don't observe that the print is heavier in one place and lighter in another. This is due to the difference in force with which the keys are struck; a difference which varies so much with each writer as to become an individualism, an idiosyncrasy; a difference which, especially in the case of a writer of musical taste or education, may become rhythmical, having regular rises and falls, as I maintain are apparent in this specimen. A difference, sir—"

"Oh, don't refine any further, Abe, for Heaven's sake!" cried the Judge despairingly. "If you think you can detect the writer by the writing, that's all I want to know. Ask the agent to let you into Knott's office, and see what you can learn by your confounded system of comparison."

Cronkite's confounded system soon satisfied him, after a close examination of the orderly pile of manuscript still lying at the side of the desk, that Thomas Knott, who had come to so untimely a fate, was the "T. K." who had typewritten the spec-

sketch in her trembling grasp; she held it to the light; she pressed it to her bosom, fondling it, soothing it with daisied words and fragmentary phrases, as significant to the listening detective as even they could be to her distracted heart.

III.

Inscrutability is often a trait of the detached and solitary. Mr. Gustavus Briare had many acquaintances, but no friends.

Not one of the acquaintances who knew him as a wealthy old widower, precise of manner, methodical of life, had he thought of such a thing, would have attributed the slightest tinge of taste, emotion or passion to him. And yet a little spark, may glow and spread unsuspected within a barred and shuttered house until suddenly the whole structure is enveloped in flame.

So close a student of human passions as Mrs. Neames, therefore, was not dismayed by Mr. Briare's reserve. Rather he welcomed it as a defense which if undermined and shocked might fall and crush the one it should protect.

This much Cronkite had learned both from what he saw and overheard in Mrs. Neames's house. Gustavus Briare was her brother-in-law; she was his deceased wife's sister.

Many had thought that they would marry. Many others, knowing how oddly the widow's rugged nature was seamed by both dogma and unconventionality, remembering how fiercely she had indulged against any such marriages and yet how ardent and open had been her expressions of love for Briare, had shrugged their shoulders when he continued visiting there.

Perhaps these visits had not been so single in purpose as gossips suspected and Mrs. Neames believed. Certain it was that Gustavus Briare spent much of his time in the library, where Adele Weir, Mrs. Neames's companion, daughter of her nearest friend and treated virtually as an adopted child, was happy at congenial work.

There he could indulge his taste for music at the old fashioned piano. There he set up an easel and dabbled with crayons, water colors and oils. And from there Adele had precipitated one night out into the unknown, leaving her mistress and almost mother vaguely remorseful.

Not a pretty outline, but Cronkite believed the full facts were deeper and darker. He therefore contrived through Mrs. Neames's influence to secure the task of also cataloguing Mr. Briare's library at his house in town.

Quiet, monotonous work at first amid the solitary shadows of the book lined room. Then Cronkite made a discovery—a stack of typewritten manuscript on one of the lower shelves, nothing more important than a brief on some curious law point, but on each sheet he noted the peculiarities which had marked Thomas Knott's writing, and at the top of each sheet were the initials "T. K."

Moreover, the manuscript, neatly arranged and set in place, showed signs of having been rumpled in an iron grasp—the surprised, agitated, exultant grasp of Gustavus Briare when he had recognized the clue which must surely lead him to the girl for whom his desire had been so intense, for whom his hatred was now so deadly!

There could be no doubt of it. The side door of the Adelphi Building had been left open that night. It had been possible for one to enter unobserved, to climb the unused stairs to the fifteenth floor; to attack, to strangle the unprotected girl, to sneak down the stairs and out into the dark.

A man answering Briare's description had been seen loitering near by; Briare's statement to the Coroner of friendship with the reclusive Thomas Knott, was palpably false. There could be no doubt of it, he was the murderer.

Nevertheless, proof was lacking. Who, who could supply it? Who, indeed, but the one eyewitness to the deed without a name—Gustavus Briare himself!

Cronkite thought, and Cronkite acted. He had scarce finished his preparations when Briare entered the library.

"I found these sketches among a lot of old papers, sir," the detective said; "perhaps there are some you would wish to preserve."

Gustavus Briare sat at the desk, finding a sort of reminiscent pleasure in turning over the crayon sketches of forgotten days; reviving with each one at least a shade of the interest it had inspired. A well preserved man, of dignity and aplomb, he was a pleasure, in turn, for Cronkite, for any one, to watch, to study the bearing, the conduct, of so typical a specimen of God's noblest work.

Here was the distant azure of mountains; here was the verdure of field and wood. Here, ah, God, what, what was here? So grotesque, so terrible, so absolutely damning in its combination of what was known and what was hid—the crayon sketch which he had made of Adele Weir; and, adjusted over its red lips, the false, mustache of light, showing that the false Thomas Knott had worn that night—that night!

"Thou art the man—" began Adele Cronkite, and then stopped appalled.

No need now of accusation, confession, arrest. The awful sweep of mental vision had done its work. That crouching wretch, with eyes devoid of reason and mind devoid of speech, clutching and tearing at collar, at throat, with a stranger's grasp, yet with the life of his own life, he had ferociously taken the life of poor Adele Weir, was already punished.

AN INGENIOUS DRUMMER.

How the Agent for an Engine Worked Up a Big Business.

His name is Barnes. Until recently he was a mechanic. Now he is a travelling salesman of distinctly novel variety.

He lives in the Prairie section of the middle West and when gasoline engines began to approach their present practicality decided that they were bound to replace windmills for farm purposes. In this belief he secured an agency for the one he considered best, procured a sample and set it up on an ordinary farm wagon, from which he removed the pole.

By a few simple connections he arranged his wagon to steer from inside the body, according to *Squire Monette*. One shaft with some sprocket wheels and chain made all the mechanism necessary in order for the engine to drive his combination at the rate of six miles an hour.

He carries a pump, tank and a small assortment of small pulleys, so arranged as to be capable of attachment to churns, washing machines and the like. His outfit attracts attention and makes talk, all of which has advertising value; while when he pulls into a farmer's yard he can show his prospective customer just what the machine will do.

As a result he sells more engines than all other agencies in his territory; and as he carries his office in his pocket his territory is limited only by his speed.

WOOLLY WORM PROPHECY.

Forecasting the winter from the popular belief regarding the woolly worm, the coldest and the severest weather will prevail during the first part of the season for a month or more, followed by a comparatively mild winter, then to close with a short spell of cold, hard winter.

MRS. RUBBERINO TALKS OF SHAMS

And Gets in a Few Good Shots at Her Caller at the Same Time.

"Did you read in the papers of the robbery in the Takechance flat on the fourth floor here?" inquired Mrs. Rubberino of her caller. "No? Well, it's a good thing you didn't. You'd have killed yourself laughing."

"The papers said that the thief had taken \$8,000 worth of Mrs. Takechance's diamonds. Well, my dear, I certainly thought I should expire when I read that. If Mrs. Takechance ever saw \$8,000 worth of diamonds, she'd be so excited she'd get the palsy, she'd be so excited."

"She had a few ordinary diamond rings, like anybody else's, and a pair of old fashioned diamond earrings, mounted like my grandmother's cameo earrings used to look, and that's all. The papers said that her emerald and diamond brooch that was stolen was worth \$1,500. I saw an imitation emerald and diamond brooch in the window of one of those imitation jewelry stores on Broadway for \$4.50. Do you know I just bought that to buy that \$4.50 brooch and fetch it home and show it to her, and force her to fetch hers out and let the two be placed side by side, but I didn't have the money with me that day. I'd love to've seen the pretentious thing shrivel, 'deed I would."

"If she was robbed at all, the robber certainly got beautifully fooled. If I don't really believe that tale was told at all. Sh-sh! Don't ever breathe a word of it, but you know she's always playing the stock market and betting on the horses, unbeknownst to her husband, and I'd just be willing to bet anything that she got into a tight fix that way and couldn't get out any other way, and she pawned or sold the few real stones she had, and then fixed up that fairy tale about the flat being robbed, just to fool her husband."

"I told my husband what I thought, and boy-toity, you should have heard the man! My dear, you really don't know what I suffer at James's hands lately. He's becoming perfectly intolerable, and he ups and defends every living, breathing creature that I so much as open my mouth about, until I'm all but distracted. I wouldn't mind it so much if James wasn't so stingy in defending me when he doesn't really believe that tale was told at all. Sh-sh! Don't ever breathe a word of it, but you know she's always playing the stock market and betting on the horses, unbeknownst to her husband, and I'd just be willing to bet anything that she got into a tight fix that way and couldn't get out any other way, and she pawned or sold the few real stones she had, and then fixed up that fairy tale about the flat being robbed, just to fool her husband."

"My dear, there's quite a black blotch alongside of your left eye. Let me see what it is. Oh, it's a streak, and it seems to be running from the eye, and it looks like a Real nice work, too—let me see—only, my dear, don't you let it's just a bit too unnaturally white to match your other teeth?"

"So sorry you must go, really! I've enjoyed your visit so much. Well, good-bye. So overjoyed to have had you. Good-bye!"

[Mrs. Rubberino alone.] "Huh! The made-up creature! I guess that hold her for a while. And I'll bet what I said about those stingy Buayahomes stabbed her. Didn't the stingy thing refuse to lend me her opera cloak one night last winter by saying that it was at the cleaners?"

"Well, I got in a few good shots, anyhow. That's one good thing."

QUEER THINGS IN KERRY.

Lord Kenmare and the Land Question—Two Strange Islands.

Even in Killybegs you cannot get wholly away from the land question, writes Sidney Brooks in *Harper's Weekly*. The great landed proprietor of the neighborhood is Lord Kenmare, who owns an estate of some 150,000 acres.

Negotiations have been going on between himself and the tenants, the tenants negotiating through four priests—with a view to the sale and purchase of the estate under the Wyndham act. Both sides are anxious to make the deal, and the difference between them, in point of money, is very small.

But money is not the only thing that counts in these matters. There are four or five evicted tenants on the Kenmare estate, and their position has to be settled before any sale can take place. The case of one of them is worth looking into.

He rented a town farm at an annual rental of something less than \$1,000 a year, fell behind in his rent and was finally evicted. In Kerry and probably throughout all Ireland a farm from which a tenant has been evicted must be worked by the landlord or not at all. No one else will look at it, and a man who had the hardihood to take it would be regarded as a fool.

Lord Kenmare has offered to reinstate this and the other evicted tenants in discharge of all arrears. The Estates Commissioners have found themselves legally unable to ratify the arrangement and the transaction therefore still hangs fire.

Lord Kenmare is the head of one of the oldest Catholic families in Ireland. He is also Lord Lieutenant of the county, and as such has the privilege of advising the Lord Chancellor in regard to appointments to the magistracy bench.

I heard it said more than once in the district that if he would only nominate so and so to the bench the sale would quickly go through. I also found out that a common gossip that the evicted tenant I have alluded to, a "master" of the first water, intends when reinstated to sell his farm at once. There is no doubt he will net a handsome profit.

In the Kenmare River there are two islands that must be quite in the way of the sale. One of them is owned by Lord Dunraven and the other by a local justice of the peace. I have gone over both of them in a crescendo of wonderment, asking myself repeatedly whether I was in Kerry or Algeria.

For, thanks to the Gulf Stream, these two islands, which thirty or forty years ago were single trees to be found in which were mainly bog and moor, have been turned into semitropical paradises. Groves of figs, orange trees, palm trees, banana and eucalyptus flourish there, and though on their native soil, and many plants and shrubs from Australia and New Zealand have been introduced, in these islands there is no doubt that they will net a handsome profit.

To pass from the bleak mainland into this growth of hothouse vegetation is to travel a few miles from the open air, and to find oneself in a world of comfort and ease. Lord Landowne, who owns an estate nearby, has, I am told, made even more of it than Lord Dunraven and his neighbor have made of theirs; but that is something I find very difficult to believe. In any case I have seen enough to rob the talk of growing tobacco and planting tea in Kerry of all its seeming wisdom.

TALL CHIMNEYS.

Two in Scotland More Than 400 Feet High, and a Leaning Stack.

The highest chimney in England is that at Barlow & Dobson's mill at Bolton. It is 445 feet high, and the material used in its construction was 800,000 bricks and 127 tons of stone.

This big smokestack is excelled by at least two in Scotland—the St. Rollox chimney in Glasgow is 445 feet and the Townsend chimney in the same city is 498 feet high. But the steepjacks make no more of climbing such shafts than one a third of their height, for the vibration is much greater and more serious at times.

All chimneys vibrate, says *Harper's Weekly*, especially in a gale; it is a condition of their nature, but the oscillation at the top is a serious matter for any one at work there during a high wind, and the job is postponed to a calmer day.

Launceston also boasts one of the crookedest chimneys in the world—a shaft at Brook Mill, Heywood—which is nearly 200 feet high and more than six feet out of plumb. It has been built with iron bands and is considered safe.

SPLIT FINNEY WONDERS WHY THEY TRY TO BREAK THEIR NECKS

Will Some One Please Explain Why Men With Money Try to Break Their Necks?

Split Finney, the cheap flint tout, was in a wondering humor the other evening. "A cheap writer," he said, "mine went down to Benning's, in Washington, last week to work for a headline later while that three day jumping meeting was on," said Split. "They called it the meeting of the United Hunts Steeplechase Association, or some such gag, and the riders were all gent equestrians in pinky winky coats or in regular jock cloths. Only the toffs and note had the leg up on the hoppers."

"My pal that was down there and saw it told me that it was a matter that looked like 'More to Be Piled Than Censured,' when you've got nine beers in you, to see these Mister riders getting tossed all over the autumn grass by their mounts and rolled on and kicked in the teeth and dragged around and jammed into the fence and the wings of the jumps and hauled through the water hop and landed on the top of prickly hedges."

"I've got boys could ride that, being about the same as the rider that looked like 'More to Be Piled Than Censured,' when you've got nine beers in you, to see these Mister riders getting tossed all over the autumn grass by their mounts and rolled on and kicked in the teeth and dragged around and jammed into the fence and the wings of the jumps and hauled through the water hop and landed on the top of prickly hedges."

"The thing is, what for? I'm not blowing the question at the gitters who drag plugs over hedges to make a living, the ones that never get the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers over things sticking out of the grass."

"I've got a Mister who's got the sticks out of the front of their monikers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by.